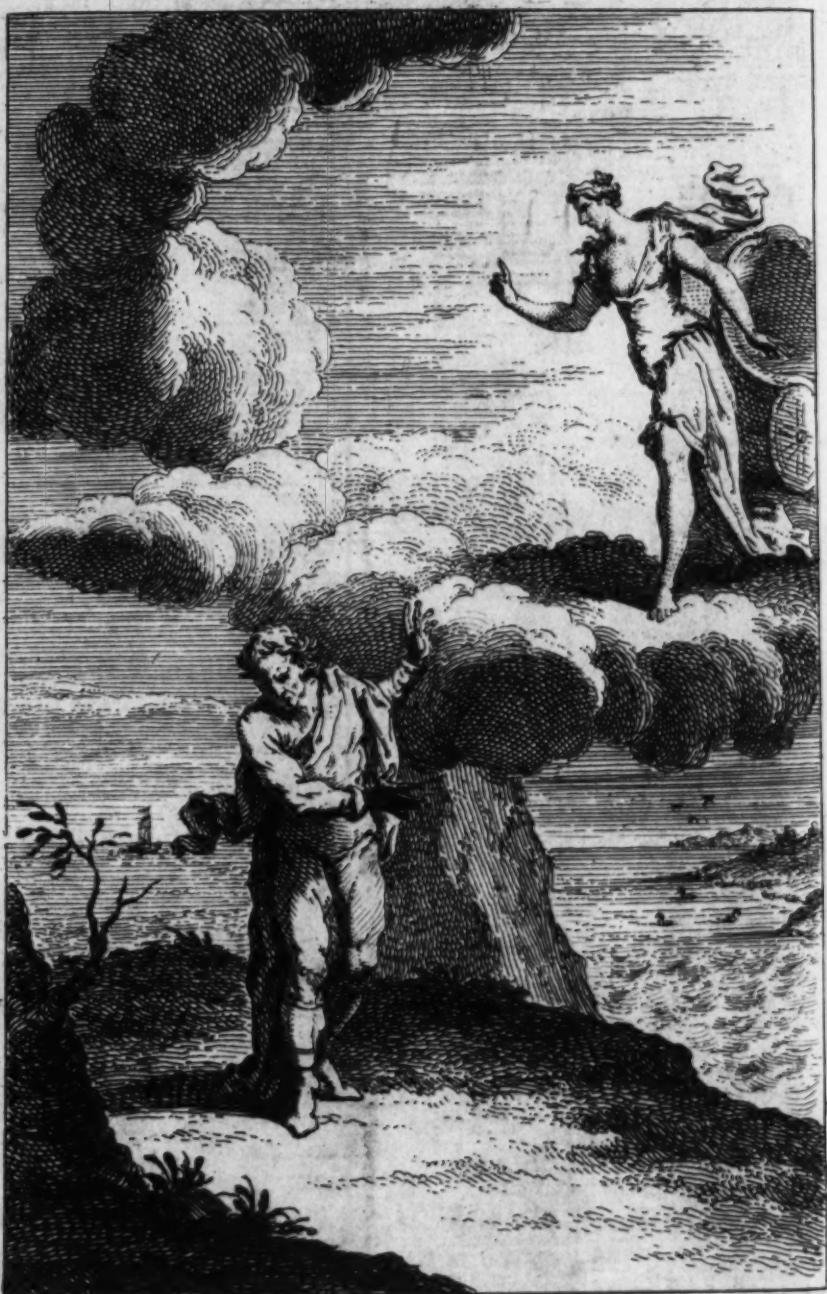
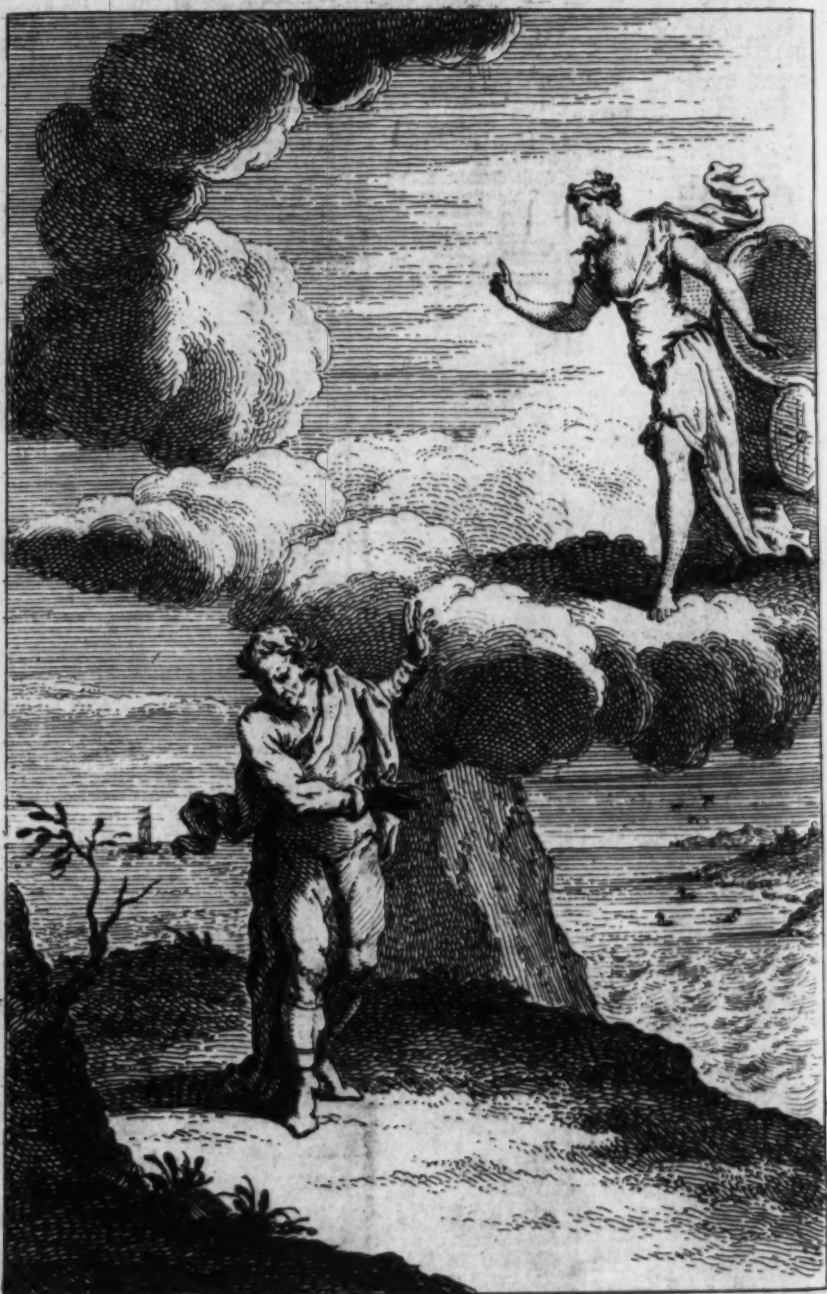




G. Vanderghucht inv: et sculp:



G. Vanderghucht inv: et sculp:

15

THE
PROGRESS *of* WIT:
A
CAVEAT.

FOR THE
Use of an Eminent Writer.

By a FELLOW of *All-Souls*.

To which is prefix'd,
An Explanatory Discourse to the READER.

By GAMALIEL GUNSON, Professor of
Phyſick and Aſtrology. *by Aaron Hill*

*This Verſe be thine, my Friend, nor Thou reſuſe
This, from no venal, or ungrateful, Muſe.
Read theſe inſtructive Leaves.*

Pope, to Mr. Jervas.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILFORD, at the Crown in
Stationers-Court. M.DCC.XXX.

THE
PROGRESS OF

GAVE A T.

FOR THE
Use of an English Writer.

By a Fellow of the Society

In testimony of the
British Museum
of Comparative Anatomy, and of the
Physical and Anatomical

LONDON:
Printed for J. W. ... at the ... in
Stationers'-Court, M.DCC.LXX.



TO THE
R E A D E R.

Courteous READER,



*Am, by Profession, no Poet, Yet,
having a Son, of my own, at this
Time, of no small Hope, in one
of our famous Universities; I
cannot, therefore, be suppos'd to
want Reverence for those Seminaries of the
Muses: Upon this Account partly (for, of
Itself, I have no great Opinion of Poetry) but,
perceiving, at the Head of the Manuscript,
that it had been written by a Fellow of All-
Souls; and chiefly, invited by some encour-
aging Expressions, in the Beginning, alluding
to a Chariot, that could carry a Man up to the
Stars, I bestow'd a serious Perusal on the Ver-
ses, which I, herewith, publish; and which I
found one rainy Day, at the Bottom of a
Hackney-*

Hackney-Coach; where, I suppose, they might have been dropt, by Somebody, who had been in Possession of that Coach, before me.

But, I confess, the oftner I perus'd the Manuscript, the less I was able to comprehend of its Meaning; I had not, indeed, labour'd far in the Matter, before I discovered, that the Author, notwithstanding he has been pleased to make free with the Stars, is a Novice in our Science; ——— so that what he writes, concerning the Thinness of Heaven's Purlieus; — surmounting the Stars in a Chariot of Air, and such like promising Conceptions, ought not (I believe) to be taken in the strict Sense of the Phrase, but only for a Joke, or a Fancy; ——— However, some of my Profession, to whom I shew'd it, agreed, that it was a dark Piece of Work, had more in it, than Satire; and, for any thing They, or I, knew to the contrary, might be Matter of Danger to the Government, and ought to be carried to the Secretary's Office.

By a Mind, laudably filled with a Zeal for his Country's Safety, every Hint, that infers its Danger, should be thought of the utmost Importance; To the Secretary's Office, therefore, I went with it, and put it into the Hands of one, who appear'd to think Himself more considerable, than any Body, I cou'd see about him; I begg'd the Favour, that he would look it over, and give me his Opinion, whether it was a treasonable Libel: I would not, willingly, do
Injustice

Injustice to the Characters of Persons, above my Station, (tho' it is well known, Physick, and Astrology, are consider'd with Respect, among Liberal Sciences.) But, truly, he seem'd to me, to peruse it, with less Seriousness, than, I suppose, with all due Reverence to his Office, became the Trust, that was lodg'd in him: For he laugh'd out, once, or twice; and, lifting his Eyes from the Paper, took upon him, to remark me, with a Countenance, which I thought too merry for the Occasion: He was pleas'd, when he came to the following Lines, to read them aloud, to a Young Spark, in Red, and ask'd him, what He thought of the Matter? — I confess, I was almost in a Passion, when this Feather-Brain made answer, that it was the liveliest Satire in the World, upon a Bawdy-House, of his Acquaintance, by the Bank Side, over the Water! — I cite the very Verses, for the Reader's more effectual Amazement, at the Unaccountableness of the Young Fellows of this forward Generation!

*Caught, by the gulphy Void, that gloom'd, below,
Crowds, from the Current's fair-descending Flow,
Indrawn, at once, by Darknes swallow'd o'er,
Sunk, from their sunny Scene, and rose no more;
Still gap'd th' unclosing Deep, o'er Millions gone,
Yet, still insatiate, hourly, swallow'd on.*

*I could not forbear telling this Story, with
due Gravity, and Resentment, to a certain
Lawyer,*

*Lawyer, of my Acquaintance, whom I met,
just landed, at White-Hall Stairs: we walk'd
together, a few Turns, in the Privy-Garden,
and he open'd the Manuscript, where it speaks
of Shapeless Bodies,*

Whose breathing Bulks; to Life, and Motion, blown,
Shot into human Forms, compleatly grown;
Mix'd Rank, and Sex, sprung thro' the liquid Jett,
But pouring outward, clear *Distinction* met:

*He read it, once and again, and was clear
in his Opinion it meant the Masquerade, in
the Hay-market: He own'd, indeed, that,
under proper Hands, it might be explain'd into
something more considerable—— But we
wave it, cry'd he, after reading it a little
farther, we will wave the Point of Treason,
in Exchange for Scandalum Magnatum! It
follows here, as clear, as Sunshine, upon a
Minister of State, and a Privy-Counsellor:
Then he read to me this slanderous Inuendo,
of People, who coming within Reach of a dark,
bustling, Power, obscurely seen,*

From the blind Bounty of his hasty Hand,
Buoyant, in Boats, rode o'er the shining Sand;
Of different Form, these Boats——A single Oar
Distinguish'd some—some wing'd their Sides with
more;

Others, with Oars, and Sails, conjoyn'd, made way,
And mow'd the murm'ring Surge, with sweepy Sway;
While

While some slow Pole-men, o'er their Toil reclin'd,
 Puff'd their check'd Barks, and, labouring, lagg'd,
 behind:

Some waded, naked, &c. ———

He ask'd me, whether I did not plainly discern, what great Man, in a certain Assembly, was pointed at, under this Image of a dark, bustling, Power, obscurely seen; upon which, recollecting myself, as became me, and pondering the Words, to the best of my Capacity, I reply'd, I thought it was the Devil. — He shook his Head, and inform'd me, civilly, that I was, a little, mistaken; but perceiving me, in some measure abash'd, he assur'd me, it was so natural an Error, that any Body might have fallen into it, as well as I: Then proceeded to convince me, that shining Sand was a Cant-Word for Money Bags; that by the Boats said to be distributed, at Random, by the Bounty of the blind Power, that was so busy in Darknesh, was to be understood, those Gratifications, impudently call'd Pensions, by Persons disaffected to the Ministry; That, for Example, the largest of such pretended Pensions were represented, under the Similitude of Boats which had Sails, and Oars, together: ——— Middling Pensions, were Boats with many Oars: ——— Smaller still, were One-Oar'd Barks: ——— The least of all, were Pole-men: ——— And as for the naked Waders, it was, by this Time, become

B

clear

clear to my own unassisted Capacity, that they could mean nothing, but those poor Souls, who were neglected by the black Bustler, and had no Pensions at all to take Boat with.

My ingenious Friend the Lawyer, advis'd me to write a Letter, to the Great Man, who had made so light of a good Subject's Information, and put him in Mind of the Fate of Philotas. — He added, that the Fears of Statesmen would be more awake, for their Masters, if less watchful for Themselves: He was sorry, he was, then, in Haste, but invited me next Morning to his Chambers, where he assured me, no Assistance, in his Power, should be wanting, to make something of the Matter, we had been conferring on.

How admirable is the Penetration of some Men's Spirits! and how powerful the good Influence of their Example! — I, who, before I had received this Light, could see no Tendency to such seditious Purpose, in the Manuscript, so providentially decypher'd, could, now, in every Page of it, discover the clearest, and most visible, Disaffection: Nay, I have, since that Time, upon frequent Revisal of the Libel, under Help of better Eyes, than my own, found Popery in it, as well as Jacobitism. Not to mention, that the Pope's Name, Itself, in great Letters, stands audaciously written at the End of it.

I sent a Copy, with a Recital of all the foregoing Particulars, to my Boy, before-mentioned,

tion'd, who is, now, of three Tears standing, at the College; where, I fear, his Political Principles have been new-modell'd, since I saw him; for he seems a little Malepert, in a Letter, he return'd me, for Answer: which, however, in Justice to the good Parts of the Youth, I take Pleasure in Publishing; not supposing, the Childish Mistake, it turns upon, capable of making any Impression, upon Readers, who know the World, and are acquainted with Men and Business.

Honour'd Sir,

“ I Am sorry to say, I was asham'd of your
 “ Account, concerning the Manuscript, you
 “ demand my Thoughts of; It is no other,
 “ than a Satire, written, by One Poet, on the
 “ Misapplication of Another's Genius; —
 “ You apprehended it to mean more, than the
 “ Author design'd, by finding it say less, than
 “ the Reader expected; But Scurrility, and
 “ Grossness, are so far from being Requisites
 “ in Satire, that it can be no true Satire, in
 “ which they are to be met with. The Force
 “ of these Writings consists, in their Smiling;
 “ and whenever they grow angry, they bring
 “ a Storm over their own Sunshine; which,
 “ like the Frown of incens'd Beauty, loses
 “ more, by Abatement of Influence, than is
 “ gain'd, from Accession of Rigour.

“ The Pope, at the End of the Poem,
 “ ought to give you no Jealousy: He is none
 “ of his Holyness, at Rome, but an English,
 “ (I had almost said, Protestant) Pope, of
 “ this Nation’s own Breeding; He wears,
 “ indeed, a Triple Crown, like the other,
 “ but it is of Musick, Painting, and Poetry.

“ Nothing is more easily perceived, than,
 “ that this Satire is the Consequence of some
 “ Pieces, lately publish’d, which savour, to
 “ say Truth, of a Sensibility, too like Levity,
 “ in a Mind, so rich, as His, who is reputed
 “ their Author; But I cannot, without Plea-
 “ sure, observe the Influence of acknowledg’d
 “ Merit confining Satire to his Folly, without
 “ allowing it to attack his Wit; which is not
 “ weaker, tho’ less lovely, when it stains itself
 “ upon a dirty Subject, than, when it orna-
 “ ments Beauty itself, and adds Magnificence
 “ to Palaces.

“ It is an Art to trifle, importantly; and
 “ even to trifle, agreeably, has its Attra-
 “ ction: But to trifle, unseasonably, indecently
 “ or improperly, let who will be the Trifler,
 “ must be, either, inhumane, or unguarded—
 “ Either wrong Judgment, or Ill-breeding.

“ What Pity, that the warmest of a certain
 “ Gentleman’s Admirers are, lately, forc’d to
 “ confess, there are Grossnesses, in some of his
 “ Sallies, obscene enough to blot out any Wit,
 “ but their Author’s! Insults, low enough to be-
 “ come the most vulgar-spirited among his Ene-
 “ mies:

" *mies: And Malice, animated enough to*
 " *be beautiful, in any of his Friends, but*
 " *Himself!*

" *It gives, however, a Kind of ill-natur'd*
 " *Comfort to us, who are his distant Cotem-*
 " *poraries, that among Virtues, which we*
 " *must despair of equalling, we discover Er-*
 " *rors, which we disdain to imitate. —*
 " *So, pray, Sir, commit the Poem to the*
 " *Prefs, and let it travel, in Search of its*
 " *Author, who will, hardly, look for it in*
 " *Your Hands, and, by that Means, it may*
 " *be lost to the Publick.*





THE
PROGRESS *of* WIT:
A
CAVEAT.



UNEFUL ALEXIS, on the *Thame's* fair
[Side,
The Ladies Play-thing, and the Muses
[Pride,
With *Merit*, popular, with *Wit*, polite,

Easy, tho' *vain*, and elegant, tho' *light* :
Desiring, and deserving, others Praise,
Poorly *accepts* a Fame, he ne'er *repays* ;
Unborn to *cherish*, sneakingly *approves*,
And wants the Soul to *spread* the Worth, he *loves* :
This to the *Juniors* of his Tribe gave Pain,
For mean Minds praise, but to be prais'd again ;

Hence-

Henceforth, renouncing an *ungracious* BAAL,
 His Altars smoak not, and their Off'rings fail:
 The Heat, his Scorn had rais'd, his Pride inflam'd,
 'Till what they worshipp'd first, they next defam'd;
Depos'd, at length, from PINDUS' Top, he roll'd,
 While Insect Wirlings, pleas'd, his Fall behold,
 And each cold-croaking *Heliconian Frog*
 Leaps, scornful, and bestrides th' *unreigning* Log.

Far-fall'n ALEXIS, who so ill aspir'd,
 Sick of successless War, from Wounds retir'd,
 Where, while, in Sleep, his Sorrows ebb'd away,
 And, hush'd in Darkness, Indignation lay;
Fancy, fair Mistress of the Poet's Mind,
 For ever changing, yet, for ever kind;
 Soft, o'er his Dreams, her formful Radiance shed,
 And his rapt Soul thro' Heaven's thin Purlieus led;
 Seated beside the Star-invading Dame,
 Whose Steeds, Wind-footed, paw'd the lambent
 [Flame,
 High,

High, as a Widow'd Lover's Grief can climb,
Her Air-built Chariot rose, and hung sublime.

Unveiling, thence, the World's bleak Wastes,
They saw the *Stream of Life* beneath 'em flow;
Dim, from the fable Sea of *Birth* it rose,
In a slow, silent, fullen, dread Repose:
For, round th' emerging Source, that glimmer'd pale,
Mountains of Midnight Darkness roll'd a Veil:
But, as the evolving Surge swell'd into Day,
Quick'ning, it mov'd, and roar'd, and rush'd away.

Broad, on the Left, from low *Oblivion's* Shore,
Quickfands, and Rocks, reach'd half the Current o'er:
Lucid, like Truth, the treach'rous Water shone,
And, o'er gay gilded Shoals, ran, tuneful, on;
Pebbles, of Gem-like Hue, with painted Pride,
Glow'd thro' the Wave, and burnt, amid the Tide:
Wantonly kind, the Sun's enliv'ning Beams
Shower'd, in light Spangles, on the dancing Streams:

C

While

While Insect Nations, *Gnats*, and *Wasps*, and *Flies*,
Ting'd in the Rainbow's ever-changing Dyes,
Sheathing their Stings, and, smiling, like the *Fair*,
Peopled the Sunshine, and adorn'd the Air.

Less lively, on the Right, the Stream's *deep* Flow,
There, no false Colours mix'd their varied Glow;
No gawdy Bottom catch'd the *downcast* Eye:
Above, no flutt'ring Insects wing'd the Sky:
Serenely solemn, All! — One equal *Whole*
Flash'd not upon the Sense, but touch'd the Soul:
Instead of Rocks, green Islands flourish'd, here,
Silent, and fruitful, as the full-grown Year;
In Place of *Flies*, grave *Swans*, of Snow-like Hue,
Sweetly majestick, in slow Circles, flew:
But, tho' these Isles the distant Prospect chear'd,
No Bay, no Port, no Landing-Place appear'd;
Kind Birds, alone, gave Entrance o'er the Mound,
Nor, from the Stream, below, was Inlet found.

Then

Then *Fancy*, thus — FAME's future Regions,
 Where nothing *surfeits*, yet, where all Things ^{[These,} *please*.
 Here, Memory stands fix'd, while Time runs on,
 And worth blooms fresh, when Life itself is gone;
 Danger keeps Distance, soften'd Spleen grows kind,
 Ambition temperate, and Love refin'd:
 Nor Pride, nor Jealousy, can, here, annoy,
 Nothing is Ecstasy, tho' all is Joy:
 Peace without Languor, Labour, void of Pain,
 Glory unenvied, and unflander'd Gain.

Tho' differing, thus, the Stream's unsocial *Sides*,
 Yet, *one* broad Gulph absorb'd the double Tides;
 From *Birth* devolving, *Death's* blind *Sea*, below,
 Boundless, and formless, snatch'd the mingled Flow;
 Both rounding Oceans, backward, seem'd to tend,
 And vast, *beneath*, their sable Surges *blend*:
 But far most frightful *This*! — whose dark *Profound*,
 A Depth Eternal! Life wants Line to found:

Unbottom'd Shade roll'd loose o'er swallow'd Light—
Fancy grew giddy, nor sustain'd the Sight:
But, starting into Fear, transpos'd Remark,
And fought the *Source*, less dreadful, tho' as dark.

Thick, on the rising Stream's emitted Tide,
Millions of shapeless Bodies seem'd to glide;
Whose breathing Bulks, to Life, and Motion, blown,
Shot into human Forms, compleatly grown;
Mix'd Rank, and Sex, sprung thro' the liquid Jet,
But, pouring outward, clear *Distinction* met;
Some, wading, naked, trod the flipp'ry Plain,
Some cut the fluent Wave—Some, tir'd with Pain,
Failing to float, or wade, neglected fell,
And sunk, un snatch'd at, in the troubled Swell:
To others, rising happier, and serene,
Fortune, dark, bustling, Power, obscurely seen,
Reach'd, with blind Bounty, and with hasty Hand,
Thin Boats—and buoy'd 'em o'er the shining Sand:

Of

Of diff'rent Form, these Boats — A *single Oar*
 Distinguish'd some: — Some wing'd their Sides with
 Others, with *Oars*, and *Sails*, *conjoin'd*, made Way, ^{[more;}
 And mow'd the murm'ring Surge, with sweepy Sway:
 While some, *slow Pole-men*, o'er their Toil reclin'd,
 Push'd their check'd Barks, and, labouring, lagg'd
 [behind.

While *Some* essay'd to *cross*, and veering wide,
 Would, with strong Stem, the stubborn Stream
 And slowly flanting, fought the silent Side; ^{[divide,}
 Swift, to the shelvy Shore *light Gallies* flew,
 As the fierce Channel's rapid Current drew,
 Twixt Rocks, and Whirlpools, driven, obliquely gay,
 And, thro' the shoaly Sunshine, danc'd away.

Caught, by the gulphy *Void*, that gloom'd, below,
 These, from the Current's fair-descending Flow,
 Indrawn, at once, by Darknes swallow'd o'er,
 Sunk, from their Sunny Scene, and rose no more;

Still

Still gap'd th' unclosing Deep; o'er Millions gone,
 Yet, still insatiate, hourly swallow'd on!
 Titles, Distinctions, Forms, rush mingled down,
 Not Levity itself wants Weight to drown:
 Gamesters, Beaux, Casuists, Jingers, Jesters, Drinkers,
 Fox-hunters, Politicians, and Free-thinkers,
 Prudes, Devotees, Coquets, Grave, Light, Young,
 In one mixt Night the covering Waves infold:
 Swept from the Noise they fought, to rest they shun'd,
 They plunge, for ever, into *Death's Profund*:
 While *abler Pilots*, who, resolv'd, stood o'er,
 And, edging broad, gain'd, slow, the *safer Shore*;
 Snatch'd, from their sinking Seats, were born to Land,
 By watchful Swans, whose Wings the Surface fann'd:
 There, on green Islands, reign'd, escap'd from Cares,
 Lords of a blooming World, for ever, Theirs,

Wide, o'er the Scene, ALEXIS winds his Eye,
 Swift, as the Progress of the Gliders by;

A strange

A strange Confusion rose! — of all who past,
 With earnest Emptyness, and barren Haste,
 Few, *cross* the Flood, repugnant, strove to steer,
 Fewer had Strength of Oars to *hold* them, *near*!
 Tir'd by the Current's ill-resisted Force,
 Or, bulg'd by envious Prows, which cross'd their
 The boldest Keels, pursuing, or pursu'd, [Course,
 Entangling, and perplex'd, were lost in Feud:
 While others, heedless of their sleeping Oars,
 Drove, in light Negligence, nor shun'd the Shores;
 But, pendent o'er the Helm, each Shoal explor'd,
 And snatch'd, in Transport, Shells, and Stones, on
 Or, leaping wanton, catch'd the glittering Prey, [board:
 That buzz'd, and gambol'd, in their sportive Way.

Mean-while, most mournful, of the motley Scene!
 Cherish'd Effect of Pride, and Food of Spleen!
 Boat, over Boat, destructive Passage made,
 And weeping Pity mourn'd defective Aid:

Sailing

Sailing Presumers, pressing, proudly, on,
Bore down each envied *Rower*, who, nearest, shone;
'The *Oar-wing'd Vessel* ey'd, with dumb Disdain,
The creeping *Pole-man's* slow-availing Pain;
And, *lordly wanton*, with invasive Beak,
Sunk the faint Struggler, *criminally, weak!*
He, too, in Concert with superior Hate,
Loth to exert less Guilt, than match'd his State,
Triumphant, in his Turn, fought equal Prey,
And, o'er the *naked Wader*, forc'd his Way:

ALEXIS, pondering in suspended Thought,
What Meaning all these mazy Mixtures taught,
Sudden, a Shout, from every distant Side,
Eddied the Air, and broke the back'ning Tide;
Acclamatory Thousands rose, alarm'd,
All Eyes attracted, and each Hearing charm'd;
Pointing in Transport, All their Helms forfook,
And, on one Object, hung their length'ning Look.

Down,

Down, from the gloomy Source, in fidelong Float,
 Proudly descending, mov'd a glittering Boat;
 Her filken Sails a colour'd Radiance threw,
 And ting'd the Sunny Beams, thro' which they flew;
 While Oars, of Silver, dash'd the watry Spray,
 That rain'd in gemmy Showers, and dazled Day:
 High, on the painted Stern, a Youth appear'd,
 Who, rather *happily*, than *strongly*, steer'd;
 Faint, and unstriking was his anguish'd Mien,
 Sadden'd by Sicknefs, and o'ercaft with Spleen;
 Yet, from his Eyes, there beam'd a living Light,
 Keen, and intent, as a fir'd Eagle's Sight:
 And, from his Voice, (for, as he fail'd, he *fung*)
 Such magick Sounds of melting Mufick sprung,
 That the hush'd Heaven all downward feem'd to bend,
 And, againft Nature, the charm'd Earth ascend.

Carelefs, he look'd, yet, heedful of his Way,
 Broke the kind Current's unobstructing Sway,
 That kifs'd his Oars, and haften'd to obey:

D

Scarce

Scarce was his Course *oblique*, for each glad Boat,
That, envious, stem'd all other's rival Float,
Fix'd, and enchanted, when this Youth drew nigh,
Hung on his passing Notes, and help'd him by:
The *Muses* row'd him, and the *Graces'* Care
Trim'd his light Sails, and spread them to the Air;
In his Boat's Bottom green-ey'd *Envy* lay,
And serv'd, as *Ballast*, while she clog'd his way:
Down from her Chariot light-wing'd *Fancy* flew,
And o'er him, loose, her Starry Mantle threw;
Pleasure, Praise, Beauty, 'twixt his Shrowds trod gay,
And danc'd the measur'd Moments soft away:
Sportful as ZEPHYRS, in his Smiles, they strove,
And the Young *Loves* forsook their Mother's Grove.

Thus fortunate, thus favour'd, and thus bright,
Luckily negligent, and aptly light,
He touch'd no Shoal, safe rounded every Rock,
Despis'd all Danger, and sustain'd no Shock;

Till

'Till to that calmer Coast approaching nigh,
 And gliding, 'twixt green Islands, safely high,
 Circles of hovering Swans, with joyful Note,
 Clapp'd their broad Wings, in Triumph, o'er his
 Charm'd, that, so soon, he reach'd their solemn Side,
 [Boat,
 Ere yet one Third of the Stream's Length was try'd.

Steering, from Isle to Isle, with joyless Awe,
 Thin, o'er each Height, their white-rob'd Lords he
 Pleas'd, without Transport, bow the Palms, they bore,
 [saw,
 To hail his Passage near their silent Shore;
 Cold, and *uncharm'd*, he sought his favourite Croud,
 Immensely distant, now, tho', late, so loud:
 All was serene, the Air was hush'd around,
 The Waters calm! — Lost even *His* Musick's Sound!
 Back to the Left impatient Looks he cast
 And long'd for every shining Insect past;
 Distant he saw them, Wings o'er Wings, display;
 And, in light Chases, thread the colour'd Ray:

Eager, for these, contending Pilots strove,
 And catch'd them, careless how their Vessels drove;
 Then, with their Trophies, dress'd each gaudy Sail,
 While humming *Drones*, in Swarms, their Fortune
 [hail:
 Record past Leaps, foretel their next Essays,
 And buzz, melodious, in the *Fly-men's* Praise.

Warm'd, and mislead, by this false Fire of Fame,
 His beaming Eyes with Emulation flame;
 And have I, Recreant, thus, renounc'd a Field,
 Where baffled Danger can such Glory yield?
 Lives there a *Catch-Fly*, of yon venturous Press,
 More brave than I am? — Or, who fears them less?
 Shew me the warring Wasp, whose threatening Wing
 I dare not strike at, and provoke his Sting!
 Swans! give me Way — your shoreless Islands keep,
 Too safe your Clime is, and too calm your Deep;
 I chuse a rapid Glory, not a flow,
 Shoals are *sought Harbours*, where these *jewels* grow:

He

He said, and rising, push'd, with liquid Sweep,
 Th' inverted Helm, and goar'd the groaning Deep:
 Flaming erect, resought the surgy Side,
 And bounded, threatening, o'er the foaming Tide:
 Sailing athwart the Swarms, and skipping high,
 He snatch'd, triumphant, every tempting *Fly*:
 Gave his loos'd Rudder to the Current's Claim,
 And drove, disdainful, thro' his Rival's Game;
 Press'd by *invaded Wasp's* excited Stings,
 He warr'd, revengeful, on their falling Wings:
 Thro' Dust of slaughter'd *Gnats* he fought, in Shade,
 And squeez'd them, deathful, on the Wounds, they
 Fleets of cold Opposites, from all Sides, join, ^{made;}
 And, wedg'd, against this general Foe, combine:
Vainly indignant, they resist his Sway,
 Yet block his Passage, and obstruct his Way:
 Still, tho' he stagnates, he the Fight maintains,
 While Drones, applausive, with their ductile Strains,
 Homage the rising Hero's new Renown,
 And *Prince of Fly-Catchers* the Champion crown.

The *Swans*, mean-while, which, from the calmer
 Forsaken, saw him trust the fatal Tide; [Side,
 Mournful, with pendent Wing, his Triumph griev'd,
 And with'd his wasted Vigour less deceiv'd:
 Trembling, they mark'd his Vessel, downward bent,
 Hang o'er th' engulphing Ocean's dark Descent,
 While he, regardless, still, new Trophies won,
 And, bent to *conquer*, saw not what to *shun*.

Fancy, still busied, still enamour'd, staid,
 And, still concurring, lent his Rashness Aid;
 To *Her*, far distant, touch'd ALEXIS cry'd,
 And, with strain'd Voice, to reach her Notice, try'd:
 " O! save him, warn him, bid him *turn*, and *think*,—
 " Let not his Bark in yon black Ocean sink!
 " Teach me to call him, by his powerful Name,
 " Point out his Danger, quench his devious Flame;
 " Rash Spleen of Heart, that could such War advise!
 " Blind Rage! to lose *Himself*, and catch but *Flies*!
 " Oh

“ Oh teach my Tongue his Name” — Then *Fancy*
 And, smiling, at her Chariot's Side appear'd: ^{[hear}

“ Why dost thou ask, she cry'd, what *Nations* know,

“ Even *All*, whom Wit, or Worth, inspire, below?

“ *His* is a Name, that dwells on every Mind,

“ Tunes every Tongue, and sails with every Wind!

“ Not surer is that River *Life's Extent*,

“ Or, by those Oceans, *Birth*, and *Death*, are meant;

“ Not surer *Fortune* is That dark Power's Name,

“ That Left, *Oblivion*, and That Right Side, *Fame*,

“ Than, that no Son of Wit dares, *justly*, hope,

“ *Fame* dwells in *Folly's Paths*, but thou, O POPE!

ALEXIS, starting, heard his own lov'd Name,

Felt his Pride shrink, and blush'd with conscious
 Pitch'd from the Chariot, lost to *Fancy's* Call; ^{[Shame!}

And, had not waiting *Judgment* broke his Fall,

Contempt's cold Vale had caught him, wak'd, and
 And deep intomb'd him, in his *own* PROFUND. ^{[stunn'd,}

F I N I S.

“On teach my Tongue his Name”—Then Henry

And finally, as her Character's Side appears:

Why don't you ask the captain what he knows

* Even all whom I'd or I'd in injury below?

"This is a shame, that dwells on every mind,

!bafW yvee dhw ddb hba jrgoT yvee zant a

* Not found in the River 1942

On the other hand, and this is the case,

[Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page]

1. The following information was obtained from the files of the FBI:

There is no son of W. J. ...

157097

Account of the ...

Let the birds fly and the fish swim.

Should from the Chicago lot to New York

And, last but not least, I have had a lot of fun.

CONFIDENTIAL

And deep down in the own history

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